NATIONAL REVIEW

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February 22, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

An Introduction to Violence

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Now You Don't See It

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Horns of the Tunisian Dilemma

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

STANLEY PARRY · GEOFFREY WAGNER · FRANK CHODOROV

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For the Record

Ambassador Lodge is reported anxious to come home from his post in Spain to enter the political wars in Connecticut again. . . . Together with fifteen colleagues in both parties, Senator Paul Douglas has proposed that the federal government grant special subsidies to schools that agree to desegregate.

Veteran lawmakers in Washington are joking privately about the irony of the position of the two parties on the proposal to increase the national debt limit: Under goading of the White House, Republicans are set for a vigorous fight against Democratic threats to limit the proposed increase. . . . Inter-Service feuding was spurred again last week, with Assistant Air Secretary Norton quoted as saying that the Army's successful rocket was "very, very expensive" as compared with the Navy's Vanguard, which has twice failed to climb into outer space. The Army promptly denied the contention—with facts and figures.

The purges within the East German Communist Party last week are believed the outgrowth of increasing anti-party sentiment on the part of students in East German Universities. Party bosses are trying to preclude open student revolts. . . . Veteran observers are putting a somewhat similar interpretation on the elevation of Chen Yi to the post of Foreign Minister in Red China. The replacement of Chou En-lai is said to be a gesture of appeasement to mainlanders who feel that Chen Yi, a military man, is more responsive to the national will than Chou. . . . U.S. Trotskyites are pushing for a "broad new united front" of all Socialists, Communists, radicals and progressives.

TV networks are cutting back expenses all down the line in the wake of decisions by several major advertisers to drop or limit TV budgets and return to magazines and newspapers to sell their wares. . . . Major General Snyder (Eisenhower's physician) lays down as a rule for attainment of long life: "Overcome extremist tendencies."

The Soviet Literary Gazette reports indignantly a remark by a hero of a Soviet novel who, "trying to correct the unfavorable impression" his poor room made on his beloved, comments: "Socialism is ill-adapted to adultery." "How," the Gazette asks, "can a man be sarcastic about his own sentiments?"

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The WEEK

● Senator Harry Flood Byrd's decision not to stand for re-election was a severe shock to the conservatives of Virginia and to millions of Democrats and Republicans of every state who regarded the Senator as the defender of traditional Americanism. There is no heir-apparent, and the immediate political aftermath in Virginia is chaotic. There will probably be a bitter fight in the Democratic organization to decide who will run for Senator this autumn against Theodore Roosevelt Dalton, who is slated to be the GOP candidate.

● Eager to improve its readiness rating, the State Department has instructed its employees precisely what to do after an atomic attack: go to "the nearest post office" and file a registration card which, after being sent first to the Civil Service Commission and then to the State Department, will "enable the Department to forward your pay." Deputy Assistant Secretary Robert Newbegin, who signed the instructions, is not unaware of the hardships that an atomic attack might bring. He cautions the employee not to register until he "is reasonably sure whether [he] will be staying for a few days," and sadly admits that "*even* if [he] completes the registration card promptly [and stays around], it may be awhile before [he] is put back to work." Well, war *is* heck, as General Somebody said.

● Mr. Julius Epstein, who had so large a part in making known the truth about the Soviet massacre of Polish officers in the Katyn forest, has written an eloquent and convincing public letter criticizing the new U.S.-USSR agreement on "cultural exchanges." Mr. Epstein particularly singles out Section VIII, Para. 5 of the agreement: "The Soviet side will send the Red Banner song and dance ensemble of the Soviet Army . . . to the U.S. in the fourth quarter of 1958." This is the same Soviet Army, he points out, whose most recent exploit was the killing of tens of thousands of freedom-seeking Hungarians. We join Mr. Epstein in "the hope that a storm of protests will sweep our country and ultimately prevent our Department of State from carrying out Para. 5 of Section VIII."

● Prime Minister John Diefenbaker of Canada has decided to risk his Conservative government in an election called for March 31. Since the Diefenbaker regime has frequently depended for its authority on the sufferance of its opponents, the call for a new election is nothing very remarkable. What is interesting is the type of appeal the Conservatives plan to make. Item: they intend to take full credit for having increased federal benefits to the provinces. Item: they intend to campaign as the party of Unemployment Relief (Diefenbaker has already announced his plans to spend $286 million this year on the jobless). The Conservative Party, then, is a welfare party, scarcely to be distinguished from the Liberals. But there is a difference between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, after all: the Conservatives in Canada are not led by Mr. Lester Pearson, the fellow who thinks Khrushchev is such a reasonable, well-meaning man.

● Not so long ago Khrushchev challenged the U.S. to a race in consumer durable goods production. Assuming that the race has been on, jockey Khrushchev hasn't been doing very well the first time around the track. According to the Soviet Union's own figures for 1957, the output of consumer goods in Russia lags some two years behind the schedules set up after Stalin's death. The Soviets may have done better than expected on the very modest quota for washing machines, but they have fallen down on such items as television sets, radios, bicycles, sewing machines and furniture. The statistics for Soviet heavy industry, however, are something else again: in heavy producers goods the Soviets claim to be well above goals projected in 1955. Americans should take warning: the real race is not in bicycles, but in armaments. Khrushchev's challenge to a contest in making refrigerators is just another one of the Reds' red herrings.

● Derek Wiscombe of Jarrow, England, built up a delivery service with a horse and cart. When he had saved enough to buy a lorry, Mr. Wiscombe applied to the Traffic Commissioner's Tribunal for a carrier's license. The license was denied Mr. Wiscombe when a large and established firm, Tyneside Removals, objected on the ground that "Wiscombe is a person who will work round the clock, and would be a threat to our business. . . . In five years he might [even] replace us in this town." We might note that Derek Wiscombe, the Terror of Tyneside Removals, is seventeen years old, and go on to ask ourselves, *Will* there always be an England?

● *Why,* asks *New York Times* correspondent William J. Jorden, is the Soviet press "underplaying" Explorer? *Why* does it devote to Explorer approximately one word for every thousand words that appeared in the U.S. press about the Sputniks? *Why* does it deal with Explorer "under small headlines on the inside pages"? And, having asked these questions, he has made it his business to ferret out the answer to them: "Communist editors judge news primarily according to its positive value for the Soviet

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state"; any development that "tends to boost the prestige of another country"—the United States for example—is either "ignored" or "dealt with tersely." What is this? A socialist competition between the Soviet press and the U.S. press to see who can do the better propaganda job for the USSR?

● The Democratic majority in the House Interior Committee continues to push the collectivist demands of the public power lobby. The latest battle is over California's Trinity River project, where a complex of large dams is now under construction. The Department of Interior, with the strong backing of California Senator William F. Knowland, has approved the Pacific Gas & Electric Company's proposal to build a 385,000-kilowatt generating plant. Clare Engle of California—chairman of the Interior Committee and Senatorial candidate—is maneuvering to block the signing of the PGE contract which, according to the Department's statisticians, promises to save the government (and the taxpayers) $56 million in immediate construction costs and $310 million more in taxes, interest, etc. over the project's life span. As judged by Representative Engle and his statist colleagues, however, $366 million is a small price for the taxpayers to pay for a ringing victory over capitalist exploitation.

● *Pravda* lately tore the veil from one of the most sordid cases in recent Soviet agricultural history—the sad story of the alcoholic pig. The animal, as fine a specimen of porcinity as can be found, went on a hunger strike as soon as it was bought by Lukeria Petrovna. A neighbor (who can tell an alcoholic pig when he sees one) suggested to the lady that if she spiked the hog's dinner with vodka he might be persuaded to eat it. And so he did. He ate and drank everything in sight and then, apparently under the mistaken impression that he was a *rara avis* indeed, "flirted" outrageously with the chickens and geese in the yard. It was not his fault, poor thing, it was his upbringing. The property of a family of moonshiners, he had never been fed anything but the refuse from stills. For the sake of preserving the pig's identity, we should add that his initials are not N.K.

● (From the *Congressional Record,* Jan. 11) MR. GOLDWATER of Arizona: Mr. President, a few days ago I received a very interesting letter from a constituent in Arizona . . . I should like to read it. . . . "Dear Mr. Senator: My friend Bordeaux over in Pima County received a $1,000 check from the Government this year for not raising 50 hogs. So I am going into the not-raising-hog-business next year. What I want to know is, in your opinion, what is the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hogs not to raise? The hardest work in this business is going to be in keeping an inventory of how many hogs I haven't raised. . . . I plan to operate on a small scale at first, holding myself down to about 4,000 hogs, which means I will have $80,000. Now . . . these hogs I will not raise will not eat 100,000 bushels of corn. I understand that you also pay farmers for not raising corn. So will you pay me anything for not raising 100,000 bushels of corn not to feed the hogs I am not raising? I want to get started as soon as possible as this seems to be a good time of the year for not raising hogs. s/Octave Broussard. P. S. Can I raise 10 or 12 hogs on the side—just enough to get a few sides of bacon to eat?"

Horns of the Tunisian Dilemma

The word "tragic" has been so cheapened by journalistic abuse that we shy away from it, but there is no other adjective by which we can accurately qualify the French bombing of the Tunisian border town of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. The affair was not tragic because human beings died. Physical death is of itself a routine fact: on the day of the raid there were more deaths on our highways than in Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef. What made the Tunisian incident tragic was an irreconcilable clash of values, an absolute moral as well as political dilemma from which there was no issue save death.

The surrounding facts are these:

1. In Algeria, neighboring region to newly independent Tunisia, France is fighting a war, unspeakably ferocious on both sides, against revolutionists organized principally in the Algerian National Liberation Front.

2. The Liberation Front uses Tunisian territory as a privileged sanctuary, where its bands are armed and trained, their raids mounted and their escape secured. Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef had not only been actively used as such a base but served as the site for guns that had fired on French planes.

3. Under international law and usage Tunisia, as a neutral, is required to prevent any preparation of warlike acts within its boundaries and to intern for the duration of hostilities any belligerents who take refuge on Tunisian territory. But President Bourguiba cannot fulfill his duties as a neutral (assuming he wishes to do so) because of Arab political pressures and also because the Liberation Front forces operating within his country are stronger than his own army.

What, then, is the just solution? Quite plainly, so long as the Algerian war continues, there is none, and therefore the tragedy. Contrary to a common present-day opinion, NATIONAL REVIEW believes that

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large and civilized as well as small and primitive nations have rights. Because Tunisia cannot or will not enforce the law of nations, the French army and government are not thereby obligated to renounce all retribution against those who ambush, torture and kill French soldiers and farmers. But that of course cannot justify the killing of neutral and individually innocent Tunisians, among them women and children. Yet if Liberation Front units make a Tunisian village their fortress, in killing them neutral Tunisians will also, inevitably, be killed.

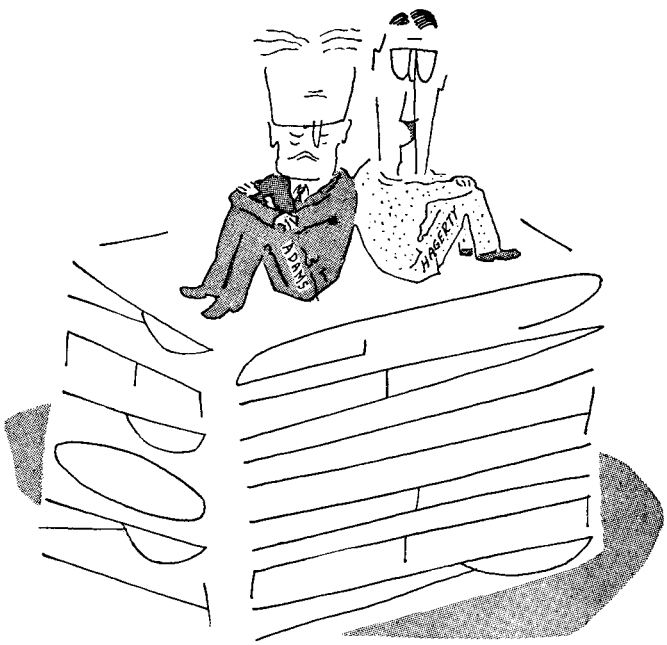
There is no way out of this tragic dilemma. It is sentimentality or demagogy to see in the bombing raid nothing but an "unprovoked massacre" of "innocent victims"—though it was a massacre. No doubt the French "bungled their case before world opinion"; perhaps the French pilots could have held somewhat more narrowly to purely military targets. But these are secondary issues. It is the duty of the French commander to protect the men who serve under him, and the civilian population entrusted to his care—just as it is the duty of President Bourguiba to protect his people. Under the real circumstances at the Tunisian border there is no mediating the conflict between these two equally binding duties.

Mr. Dulles has, in his initial responses, done well to resist the clamor to assign unilateral "blame" and fix unilateral sanctions. Our objective here should be what was once considered the primary aim of normal diplomacy: to dampen these flames that we cannot altogether extinguish; to postpone hasty or irrevocable decisions; and to prevent the common enemy, so far as we are able, from exploiting the tragic dilemma of our friends.

The Right to Delinquency?

At last the authorities moved, and on Friday a week ago, 644 "hard core" juvenile delinquents were summarily suspended from New York City schools.

Here was the first serious move by the school board to insulate 800,000 normal and well-behaved students against the aggressions of young thugs who have been free to terrorize and demoralize their classmates and their teachers because of the reigning superstitions of the Liberal orthodoxy. The protest from the ideologists was swift and characteristic. A director of the Public Education Association branded the school board's venture in rudimentary sanity "an act of desperation and almost certainly an illegal one as well." The Citizens' Committee for Children described the board's action as "an abject surrender to pressure and an hysterical response to the moment." The Teachers Union announced that "the board has been stampeded into a step that is regressive, illegal and probably ineffectual." And that



Kreuttner

"There's positively nothing in it that everybody doesn't know already—that's why we're suppressing it."

grand old dame of Liberal society, the American Civil Liberties Union, having rated the decision "excessively harsh," complained of "factors of presumption of guilt from a mere charge; indiscriminate and blanket applications of the suspension policy . . . and automatic suspension without consideration of other factors . . ." Remember the Fifth Amendment, delinquents, when the Principal has you on the carpet!

They have stormed at the gates, but thus far the Board's decision prevails; and so, slowly but we hope surely, reforms will be instituted that reflect a determination to take the problem of juvenile delinquency in hand. The suspended 644 are to go somewhere—it is not yet decided just where—to receive special instruction in civilized behavior. Let us pray that they will be rehabilitated, and reintegrated in their classrooms. And let us meanwhile hope that the ideologues will not succeed in undermining the resolution of the board to banish razor blades, obscenities, rape and thuggery from the curriculum of the New York school system.

Sukarno and the Colonels

President Sukarno of Indonesia has been in trouble before, and got out of it; he has even been in this kind of trouble before, and got out of it. But he has never before been in this much of this kind of trouble, and it looks just possible, as we go to press, that this time he won't get out of it. For the colonels in Sumatra sound like meaning business: they know

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what they want, and seem to be in position to take it if Sukarno doesn't give it to them out of hand. And Mr. Dulles has strengthened their hand by letting the world know the U.S. wishes them well.

Note, while the news is still fresh there on the page, what is bringing Sukarno to heel. Not American foreign aid in quantities sufficient to keep Sumatran stomachs from "going" Communist. Not a "hard sell" job by the Voice of America on behalf of "Western" ideas. Rather a spontaneous, grass-roots move by natural leaders backed up by millions of convinced followers, who object to Sukarno's leanings toward Communism because Communism is atheistic; to Sukarno's "guided democracy" because it is, on the face of it, a Communist camp; and to Sukarno's Javanese dictatorship because they want local liberties.

It seems that you don't necessarily have to *buy* the anti-Communist conscience of mankind. Often all it needs is to see the issues clear.

His Irish Eyes Are Smiling

"Frankly, we were impressed—impressed one heck of a whole lot with the small, smiling man with the Irish face and hair. Labor—as well as management and the entire country—is particularly fortunate to have a man of Walter Reuther's intelligence, understanding, insight, and drive in a position of prime leadership in the country." (See "The Ivory Tower," p. 183.)

That paean, granted, is the work of schoolchildren —student editors of the *Daily Texan,* campus newspaper of the University of Texas—who wrote a few hours after personal exposure. Mr. Reuther had spoken at the university, where, evidently with some success, he gave his well-known charm a workout.

Last week, between speeches on economic statesmanship before wide-eyed students, Mr. Reuther announced the report of the Economic Policy Committee of the AFL-CIO, which he heads. The Committee's program of economic action demands: more money for national defense, more money for foreign aid, more money for schools, more money for home buyers, more money for small businesses, more money for rural cooperatives, more money for state unemployment benefits; and much, much more money for organized labor.

This program drawn up by Mr. Reuther calls, in sum, for undiluted inflation. It is a program that, faithfully executed, would, by debauching the currency, centralizing power, and corrupting the processes of the market place, overturn the bases of our society.

It is not by any means self-evident that a program so palpably inimical to order, freedom and genuine prosperity will be turned down with the contempt it deserves. For many people share something of the schoolchildren's wide-eyed fascination. And they wonder why, if Mr. Reuther's program is indeed nothing more than a call to socialism, issued by a demagogue, the responsible leaders of opinion do not join in turning on Mr. Reuther. Why do not the economists—and the political theorists and the philosophers, indeed, all men whose minds have been trained to make distinctions—do their duty, and rout Reuther's proposals, as once they routed the wild inflationary schemes of William Jennings Bryan and of Major Douglas?

Perhaps they will, in the end. But in the meantime their paralysis is evidence of their infection. They too, shrugging off reality, are pausing to drool before the comfits proffered by the small, smiling man with the Irish face and hair.

In the issue of December 14, 1957, NATIONAL REVIEW published an exclusive account of the suspension of the grand jury investigation into the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. In that article we revealed that the assistant district attorney directly in charge of the investigation, and the Treasury agent in charge of assembling the data, both felt that enough data had been gathered to persuade the grand jury to hand down an indictment at the moment when, on orders from Washington, the investigation was summarily, and without explanation to the grand jury, suspended.

That grand jury has less than three months to live. On May 4 it ceases, under the law, to exist. For all intents and purposes it is safe to assume that unless the grand jury resumes its work in advance of that date, Mr. Powell has been, presumably in return for political services rendered, immunized against an investigation into his affairs.

Every week NATIONAL REVIEW will call attention to the number of weeks the grand jury has left to live. Perhaps some time before it expires, the Justice Department will be prompted to give an account of its bizarre handling of the investigation of Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

And so to begin:

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has eleven weeks to live. Fifty-two weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

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All Aboard for Luna

On February 10 Airman Donald G. Farrell jammed his six-foot frame into a three-by-five cabin at the Randolph Air Force Base's School of Space Medicine in Texas, and figuratively took off on a week's trip to the moon. On that same day the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, which had discontinued many of its important passenger runs into the late Robert Young's ghost-haunted Grand Central Terminal, announced that it had gone into the red for 1957.

On February 11 Airman Farrell signaled from his claustrophobic interstellar cage that all was well with his simulated passage through space. Evidently he was having no difficulty in "re-breathing" his own air. On that same day the Rock Island Railroad cut its dividend and its stock dropped on the Big Board in Wall Street.

Extrapolating the two sets of curves set up by Airman Farrell's experimental venture in living under "space conditions" and the recent behavior of the American railroads, it is easy to see where we are heading. On the very same day that an American first sets foot on the moon, all rail travel in the United States will have come to a complete standstill.

Paying for College Education

The Association of American Colleges has endorsed a proposal that parents should receive a tax credit of a certain amount ($500 is the figure most often suggested) to offset college tuition payments. The credit would apply directly against the total tax due, not as a deduction from "gross income," and would thus represent in its entirety a net benefit to the taxpayer.

This plan has been gaining support from thoughtful conservatives who recognize that the colleges must find added financial help, but know that a massive program of federal financial aid to the colleges would inevitably bring an end to academic independence. Theoretically, the proposed tax credit would end up in the college treasuries. In the long run the government would lose nothing, because the amount subtracted from taxes would take the place of the government subsidies that, inevitably, would otherwise be voted.

With the objectives of this proposal we find ourselves in complete accord, but we wish to see it reduced to the explicit terms of a congressional bill before endorsing it without qualification. On first acquaintance, we wonder whether it might not lead to almost insuperable administrative difficulties, and even to self-defeating political consequences.

The cost of a college education varies widely, even more widely (from zero to several thousand annual dollars) if scholarships are taken into account. How would the credit be related to the actual cost? Would the taxpayer be entitled to a payment from the Treasury if the $500 were, in a given year, greater than his total tax due?

There is a more basic consideration. Is not the contemplated deduction merely an accounting procedure designed to disguise what would in reality be a government subsidy, pure and simple? And if so, could not the federal government effect the same controls over education as through a more open subsidy? Amendments by congressional Liberals would doubtless provide that the deduction would not be granted if the college in question were "segregated," or in some other way "undemocratic." And what about the First Amendment? Will a Baptist or Mormon or Catholic or otherwise sectarian college be eligible in the eyes of our jealously secularist Supreme Court to such a government benefit as this tax relief contemplates?

We like to think there is a single formula that will solve the vexed problem of adequate, but non-statist support of our colleges; but we are not yet certain this is it.

Notes and Asides

The Reverend Felix Löwenstein, S.J., of Germany, called on us recently to describe a non-denominational institute he has founded in Mannheim, which, by extended and detailed instruction, seeks to endow industrial workers in the area with a profound knowledge of Communism and its antitheses. Workers enroll in the Institute for two entire years of night and weekend work, and leave with the benefit of systematic knowledge of the objectives and techniques of Communism. Anyone interested in further details as to how the Institute operates should write to the Heinrich Pesch Social Institute, Mannheim D 6, 6, Germany.

Our Contributors: RALPH DE TOLEDANO ("An Introduction to Violence"), a member of the Washington Bureau of *Newsweek,* is co-author of *Seeds of Treason,* and author of *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats* and *Day of Reckoning.* . . . THE REVEREND STANLEY PARRY ("Dilemma of Conservatism") who is known to NATIONAL REVIEW readers for "The Meaning of Hungary" [December 1, 1956] is Chairman of the Political Science Department at Notre Dame University. . . . GEOFFREY WAGNER ("Disorder at the Whitney") has written two volumes of poetry and five novels, the last of which, *Rage on the Bar,* will be published shortly by The Noonday Press.

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An Introduction to Violence

This account of a band of men who took refuge from Stalinist assassins in Mexico, is abridged from a forthcoming book by Mr. de Toledano

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

I tell you that which you yourselves do know. Shakespeare
A bitter heart that bides its time and bites. Browning
C'est la lutte finale. Old song

A man who writes for a news publication, small or great, must be at once court reporter and philosopher. He is a spectator at Trimalchio's dinner who knows that after the ortolans and the wine there is always the feather adding its counterpoint to the singing. Only the combat correspondent can be directly involved—for in writing of other men's deaths he is contemplating his own. But even the workaday writer at an office desk sometimes feels this pressing sense of participation—as if his chronicle had suddenly acquired living flesh.

It was this feeling which assaulted me early in 1942, when Dwight Macdonald came to the *New Leader* office to tell us about some men in Mexico who were about to die. And so it became my job to write their stories, and to make the uncommitted take heed. In a small way, I helped save their lives, and so became a prisoner to their fate. My typewriter became a weapon of mercy, and perhaps for this I loved them.

Who were these men? Most of them, I suppose, could be called socialist. One was a Trotskyite. But the economic phantoms they entertained were secondary and unimportant, reflections of long-ended nineteenth-century struggles—a sentimental anachronism. Idealistic yearnings for a just and perfect society had led them to Erehwon; a more practical desire to take up arms against the brutalitarian twins of Hitlerism and Stalinism took them to Spain. Activists in a world which has surrendered the sword to fallen angels, they had rushed to the aid of humanity, ready to fight for what they held precious, only to find the more-than-equal Pig rooting in the ministries of Madrid.

There was Julian Gorkín, a Spanish working-class leader. He had been dragged before a "people's court" under indictment of treason. He had neither "confessed" nor cringed behind any Fifth Amendment. Instead he had stood up in open court to defend his actions, his ideas, and his loyalty, putting the judges and the secret police on trial—and winning acquittal.

There was Victor Serge, the writer, who had stood under the Kremlin walls watching the future grow dark in their shadow. He had worked closely with Zinoviev in the formative years of the Communist International. He had known Lenin—and disillusionment. He had been imprisoned in the cellars of the Lubianka, and only public protest, led by André Gide, Ignazio Silone, and Gaetano Salvemini, had won him liberation. Out of prison, in Paris, he had written a brief account for the Dewey Commission of the manner in which the Soviet secret police made Pavlov's dogs of its victims—an account which echoes in Koestler's *Darkness at Noon.*

Gustav Regler, the German Communist, had gone to Spain to lead a brigade. Spain had taught him a lesson that was confirmed in the French concentration camp at Le Vernet where he had seen Communist prisoners plotting with the guards against the huddled non-Communists and American aid being administered by Noel Field. Two others were involved, of whom I knew little—Marceau Pivert, Léon Blum's secretary during the Popular Front, and Grandiso Muñiz (he was the Trotskyite).

President Lázaro Cárdenas had offered aslyum to French and Loyalist refugees, and these men had come to Mexico. They had brought their old quarrels with them and the bitterness of the defeated and the uprooted. But in their baggage they had tucked away as well an explosive charge—the names, dates and places of the Communist betrayal. They knew what men had fought and what men had sent others out to die. They knew what hands had turned Madrid into a suburb of Moscow. They needed no security files to know who were the murderers, the apparatus boys, the technicians in treason and destruction.

But they had not gone to Mexico alone; Cárdenas did not distinguish between Communists and Left-Democrats. So Communists came too, and they also had excess baggage—a little list of those marked for liquidation. They were the dregs of the Revolution—the fellow travelers of misery and the time-servers who knew but would not speak; the midgets who had mortgaged their lives and their consciences to the bureaucratic machine; the professionals who killed or praised as the *Vozhd* directed. They were the veterans of the Fifth, or NKVD, Brigade, the terror-saturated *Quinta brigada* which conducted the purges in Spain—prepared now for new purges of old enemies and wavering friends.

The Gorkíns and the Serges arrived with no money and an unpromising future. The *apparatchiks* brought with them millions of gold *pesetas,* stolen from the Spanish treasury at the twelfth hour of the Loyalist regime. From an "office" at 13 Avenida Isabel la Católica in Mexico City, the NKVD and its Spanish affiliate SIM,[1] protected by the powerful labor leader

[1]The *Servicio de Información Militar,* set up in Spain under the direct supervision of Soviet Ambassador Marcel Rosenberg.

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Vicente Lombardo Toledano (no kin) and the Mexican Ministry of Information, operated with hardly a bow to secrecy.

International Hatchetman

The leader of these effectives was Colonel Carlos Contreras, alias Vittorio Vidali, Alias Enea Sormenti. Contreras was a human deadend, squat as a toad; his face wartlike, cruel and liking cruelty. He had been the political commissar of the *Quinta brigada,* and he wore the hashmarks of long and venomous service. In 1928, he had already begun to swing his hatchet among New York's Italians (he was duly deported, despite an eloquent defense by Clarence Darrow). Successive Mexican revolutions in the years that followed had found Contreras active in the local Communist Party—the Comintern's hated, feared, but solidly planted man.

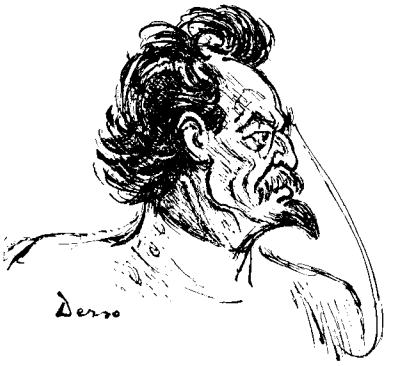
In my files I have a picture of Contreras, taken at a German brigade purge trial in Civil War Spain. Among the lean and frightened faces, in a scene as anguished as a Goya etching of the Napoleonic invasion, Contreras stands out for the modest smugness of his expression.

Back in Mexico after the Spanish war, Contreras had smaller scope for his activities, but the field was not fallow. From the Kremlin, Joseph Stalin had turned a thumb down on Leon Trotsky, the motivation both personal and political, and the job of liquidation was entrusted to a large apparatus whose field commander was Contreras. A parallel assignment was to re-educate the augmented Mexican Communist Party, to organize the thinking of the Spanish refugees, and to wipe out demoralizing heresies. In this second endeavor, the first obstacle was Juan Antonio Mella.

Personable, dedicated, courageous, tremendously popular with the rank-and-file, Mella had been taught revolution in the older, more humane school of his native Cuba. When diminishing faith in Stalin turned to outright revulsion, he made no secret of it—and his disaffection was contagious. It had already affected his mistress, Tina Modotti, a chunky, vital Italian peasant who had been a model for Diego Rivera and a past doxy of Contreras. Mella was a heretical influence, Tina Modotti a positive danger. Under the alias of María Ruiz, she had worked for the NKVD in Spain; and she knew a little too much about Juliet Stuart Poyntz, Daughter of the American Revolution and defecting functionary of the Soviet secret police, who had "disappeared" from her New York apartment. Before the assassination of Trotsky could proceed, Mella and Modotti had to be eliminated.

It was done neatly. Solicitously, Contreras assigned a bodyguard to protect Mella from the putative vengeance of the Cuban government. One night, as Mella prepared to leave a party meeting, his bodyguard could not be found. Impatiently, Mella and Tina left alone. On a dark street, an assassin stepped up behind him and shot him in his back. Not long after, Modotti died of a "heart attack." Both deaths followed the classic Soviet style.

The liquidation of Trotsky was a little more complicated, and the first attempt was badly bungled. Coached



Trotsky

by Contreras and led by the Mexican artist, David Alfaro Siqueiros, an NKVD squad broke into Trotsky's home in Coyoacan and sprayed his bedroom with machine-gun bullets. Trotsky was not hurt, but the would-be assassins took Trotsky's secretary with them as hostage. Some time later his body was found in a lime pit.

The second attempt was a world-wide operation of the apparatus, based in Paris and New York and Mexico City. From a secret drawer, the Revolution had shuffled out a professional whose alias led to another alias but never to any substantial clues to his identity—Franz Jacson or Jacques Mornard—to insinuate himself into friendship with Trotsky, and to reward that confidence with a sharply swung alpenstock which cracked the skull and penetrated the brain.

Sensation and revulsion were the flowers of the Trotsky murder. Yet who could weep for a man, brilliant though he might be, who in his day had dealt with the enemies of the Soviet as ruthlessly and expertly as Stalin had dealt with him? The sword by which he had lived was now passed to other hands, which could reach out across a continent and an ocean for their vengeance. There was shock only among those whose predilections sustained them in the view that Communism was merely a set of "political opinions," and that Communists did not practice direct action or personal violence. Even for the most sensitive, the events of Mexico were somehow remote, academic and hazy.

Defense Committee Organized

But as I studied the material put before me by Dwight Macdonald, I heard for the first time the echoing splash of footsteps in the sewers of history, and I wondered why the American press, so keenly attuned to the fall of the smallest sparrow, had been oblivious to the agitation in Mexico. The anti-Fascist refugees had been under vicious attack for months, yet not a word had appeared in any American newspaper. Charges that they were "fifth columnists" and demands that Mexico withdraw its asylum, beginning in the party press, had been taken up and amplified by *El Popular*, organ of the Confederación de Trabajadores de México, dominated by the more than pro-Communist Lombardo Toledano. Seven Mexican deputies, all under party discipline, had petitioned President Avila Camacho, successor to Cárdenas, urging that the refugees be jailed or deported.

I was then still capable of astonishment at Communist perversion of truth in the face of known and demonstrable fact. I found it hard to understand how the Communist and pro-Communist press could say—and the innocents believe—that these recent fighters for the Loyalist cause were "agents of Hitler," "shock troops of the Nazi Fifth Column," and "members of the Croix de Feu." When Francisco Zamora, columnist

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for *El Universal* and himself a member of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies, defended these men, he was accused of "open treachery" by his seven colleagues. And they returned to the attack with a new blast at the "foreign traitors and saboteurs . . . who were able to save themselves from the salutary purges of past years." This condition would be remedied, it was said openly, when honest men took the hint and wiped out (on a dark night, of course) this stain on Mexican soil.

The defense of Serge, Gorkín, and the others became more than a story. With the aid of Macdonald and others who stepped forward with new material, I began to put together the bits and pieces—digging into my files for those fugitive facts which when assembled form a cohesive story. I still have the brittle clippings of those stories and they are not very good. Nevertheless they served as a basis for organizing a defense committee of some 160 intellectuals. Their impact was such that Macdonald could round up as initiators of his committee Roger Baldwin, Freda Kirchwey, John Dewey, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Sidney Hook, Quincy Howe, and Reinhold Neibuhr. The petition they sent to President Camacho was signed by labor leaders, philosophy professors, writers, clergymen, and a substantial scattering of names more often found on another kind of appeal. (When the *New Masses* counterattacked, it said somewhat plaintively: "We were surprised, as many others must have been, to see a few men and women like Dorothy Thompson, Stanley Isaacs, and Dr. Frank P. Graham among them.")

Repercussions

The petition had its repercussions. The *New York Times* story, brief (four paragraphs) and buried as it seemed to us, was nevertheless noted. Richard Rovere's energetic account in the *Nation* added significance by its very appearance in a magazine more given to solicitude for Communists than for the victims of Communism. The non-Communist press in Mexico, silent until then, prominently displayed the petition and listed most of the signers. For the time being, the lives of Serge, Gorkín and the others had been spared by the publicity. The *New Masses* and the *Daily Worker* tried to rekindle the lynch spirit, but the hysterical rhetoric of Otto Katz, alias André Simone, alias Rudolf Breda—later to be involved in the "suicide" of Jan Masaryk—failed to do the trick.

Reluctantly, Contreras pulled back his forces. He left Mexico for long enough to see death done to Carlo Tresca, entering the United States illegally to complete his mission. But early in April of 1943, he tried once more. Serge and Gorkín, and a group of Spanish refugees and Jewish intellectuals, had organized a mass meeting to commemorate the deaths of Tresca and of Victor Alter and Heinrich Erlich, two Polish socialists betrayed and executed by Stalin.

As the meeting got under way, a group of a hundred Communists—armed with clubs, knives and guns—broke into the hall. Simultaneously anonymous phone calls were made to newspapers to "inform" them that a group of workers was breaking up a "fascist" gathering. It had begun, said the callers, with cries of "Viva Hitler! Viva Mussolini! Viva Franco!" The police, when they arrived, found the hall wrecked and Gorkín bleeding from a knife wound. Of the 93 attackers arrested, thirteen were sent to prison for assault and attempted homicide. Contreras was not one of them. He had planned the attack, then prudently stayed out of the line of fire.

In my files, I have two letters from Serge. One begins (in translation from Serge's French): "Let me thank you, on behalf of my friends and myself, for having taken up our defense against the GPU." The second one reflects the bitterness and hopelessness which afflicts those who battle the Communist behemoth: "What you say is in infinitely sharp contrast with the vague and timorous expressions of sympathy that we encounter here among the wornout colonies of émigrés. . . . They merely say over and over again that the Communists are scoundrels, but that 'Roosevelt is on their side.' (I quote.)"

Everything else in the file is grim and dead—the yellowed clippings, many notes, bits of dossiers, the photo of Contreras. Serge too is dead. But his letters and the file remain to stir the memory of a small episode in a long battle, to mark a milestone, and to say softly that we do not always lose.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Cyprus: the Free World's Persisting Problem

Whatever optimistic politicians may say, one or two of the world's trouble spots present problems which are, humanly speaking, just plain insoluble. The problem of Israel and the Arabs is one: Cyprus is another. In neither case can there be any tolerable solution unless the conditions of the problem change.

Only now, far too late, are people beginning to understand what the Cyprus problem is about; or, perhaps even more important, what it isn't about. What this isn't is a straightforward colonial issue, which could be solved by the withdrawal of the colonial power. The great danger, indeed, is that Britain will weary of a thankless task and simply leave the caldron to blow its own lid off.

The recent outbreak of violence by the Turkish Cypriots seems to have shocked and surprised a good many people; which is in itself good evidence of how one-sided their view of Cyprus has been. It apparently never occurred to them that if the appointment of Sir Hugh Foot as Governor pleased the Greeks, it was hardly going to commend itself to the Turks. Unfortunately, one of the chief lessons of modern history is that nothing gets your case heard better than a spot of murder and bomb-throwing.

The British government has said a great many foolish and contradictory things about Cyprus in the past ten years. It may be that the crowning folly was the creation of a major base there at all; but that was a direct consequence of the still greater folly of leaving Suez. For these mistakes the rest of the world, and not least the United States, must take some share of the blame.

Two Dangerous Dogmas

Cyprus is a perfect miniature illustration of how disastrous can be the effect of accepting as universal truths political doctrines which are by no means universally applicable. The doctrine of "national self-determination," for instance, has worked appalling devastation in the modern world. The idea was responsible for the fragmentation of Europe after the first world war: and the slogan is still causing bloodshed, theft and new tyrannies from Java to Aden. In Cyprus it can be seen for the wholly unrealistic concept it is: for if the Greek Cypriots are to have self-determination, the Turkish Cypriots cannot.

Self-determination is connected emotionally with that other modern idol, "the will of the majority." Here too the Cyprus problem cuts through to the heart of the matter. For if we pursue justice as opposed to doctrine, we see that the will of the majority ought to prevail only under certain conditions, one of which is the homogeneity of the voting body. In Cyprus this condition does not exist. One fifth of the community would be constituted a permanent minority: in reality, though not in doctrine, it would simply be disfranchised and ruled by the other four fifths.

Naturally enough, the Turkish Cypriots are unwilling to be sacrificed to a political doctrine. The Greeks have refused to cooperate in any constitutional scheme which does not lead fairly soon to a majority vote on the basis of self-determination: the Turks have refused to cooperate with one that does. It is unfair to blame the British government for raising the dangerous possibility of partition. The Turks raised it themselves a year ago as the only acceptable alternative to permanent rule by Britain. As Britain has shown herself ever more wedded to the principle of ultimate self-determination and quite unwilling to stay permanently in Cyprus, so the Turkish attitude has hardened. The arrival of Sir Hugh Foot and the rumors of negotiations with Archbishop Makarios were the last straw.

Both the Greek and Turkish governments have assumed positions from which it is politically impossible for them to retreat. There is simply no room for compromise. The British government is therefore placed once again in an impossible situation, bound to anger someone and likely to anger everyone. Probably the best thing now would be a blunt announcement that Britain will continue to rule Cyprus for twenty years, after which the whole matter can be considered again. But there are two reasons why such an announcement will not be made.

The first is the bedeviling effect of party politics in Britain. There is no hope of the two parties agreeing on any long-term policy, and the Socialists have already done great harm by leading the Greeks to suppose that the next Labor government will immediately hand over the island.

The second reason is more fundamental. We lack the will to do it. Quite rightly, no doubt, we would never indulge in the kind of ruthless repression which could stamp out terrorism in Cyprus. In our liberal hearts we are inclined to sympathize with the Greeks. Don't we all believe in self-determination these days?

Therefore the problem remains insoluble. We shall plunge from one attempt at compromise and conciliation to another, and perhaps in the end we shall leave Cyprus, as we left Palestine; and there will be another permanent trouble spot, boiling over and imperiling the world.

Cyprus is everyone's concern for it has very serious effects on the whole structure of Western defense. It distracted the recent Baghdad Pact meeting: it weakens the vital Southeastern tip of the NATO shield: and it ties up large numbers of British troops, who would be better employed elsewhere. The worse the situation in Cyprus, the better the Soviets are pleased. Several leading Greek Cypriots were trained in Moscow between the wars and, though the majority of Greeks are anti-Communist, there is no lack of genuine Communist agitators working in and with EOKA.

America, like Britain, has been waking up very slowly to the real implications of problems such as this. They are the common problems of the whole Western Alliance and our attitude to them should be thought out honestly, sensibly and in concert.

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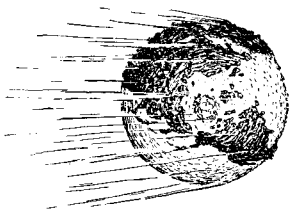

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

The Disintegration Tactic

The troubles of the Indonesian islands and the Caribbean basin, though multiply caused, have been whipped to their present acute stage by one of the most practised and most baffling of Communism's standard operating procedures: *the disintegration tactic.*

The disintegration tactic is based on a simple, two-part theory. 1) It is good to louse up the workings of an enemy (*i.e.*, non-Communist) institution—trade union, school, factory, or nation, or whatever. 2) If the functional collapse is deep enough, then it becomes easy for a small, disciplined group—such as the Communist cadre—to seize control.

Well planned, the disintegration tactic is a low cost revolutionary gambit that can yield a maximum result for modest investment. It can be handled by small professional units that rely on the mass aid of unwitting, or unheeding, volunteers. Just wrap a synthetic McCarthy-image in the properly charged magical symbols, and you can count on the drugged Liberals to carry through the demoralization of a security system. Spread ideologically fashionable lies about an anti-Communist union leader, and relax while the crowd pushes him out of your way.

Mare Nostrum

Often the disintegration tactic includes a sort of social sabotage. You need to throw sand in only one set of critical gears, or weaken one small electrical connection, to ease the whole factory or rocket into a breakdown. Analogously, you may start the disintegration off by, say, shooting just the right man: Castillo Armas of Guatemala, for example, key symbol of a serious U.S. intention to maintain control of its Caribbean strategic threshold.

Look at the map of the Caribbean—our Mediterranean—and you will see how it is geographically dominated by Cuba, Hispaniola (the Dominican Republic and Haiti), Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Guatemala. (How many hours do you imagine the Kremlin strategists have spent studying that map?) A few years ago these nations were stabilized to a degree seldom precedented in their histories. With the exception of Costa Rica, whose President was a Washington-tamed leftist, they were ruled, as Latin American nations have usually been, by strong, brutal despots. These particular chiefs were, however, bringing to their countries not merely dictatorial order but material progress. They worked closely with U.S. military and business interests; and fairly closely, most of the time, with the U.S. State Department.

Aftermath of the Dictators

Today the entire Caribbean basin is stumbling toward turmoil. Remón of Panama, the elder Somoza of Nicaragua, and Castillo Armas of Guatemala have been assassinated either by Communists or by local fanatics spurred on by Communists. Rójas Pinilla of Colombia and Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela, who made the fatal error of antagonizing the Church as well as the Communists and Liberals, have been overthrown by amorphous, disintegrative revolts without program or perspective. Batista of Cuba is harassed by guerrilla bands financed, supplied and politically supported by vengeful exiles, Soviet agents, and U.S. leftists, Liberals and concession-hunters. Trujillo of the Dominican Republic is the target of a united front assault that has mounted higher month by month since the mysterious event that seems to have opened this present Caribbean disintegration campaign: the disappearance of Jesús de Galíndez.

There are two immediate consequences of the overthrow of these dictatorial regimes: first, a general instability and confusion in which a Communist-trimmed anti-Yanqui imperialism is offered as the safest raft for riding the popular currents; and, second, an influx of leftists and Communists—not only native exiles, but Spanish Civil War veterans who were grafted onto the Kremlin's Latin American apparatus, and Soviet agents in Mexico, the United States and the Communist-riddled British enclaves (Jamaica, British Honduras and British Guiana).

Order and Disorder

Our Liberals, almost to a man, support this disintegrative process; indeed, not only support it, but finance, organize and arm it, propagandize and conspire for it, even delude themselves into thinking they direct it. Their influence is entirely negative, and thus a perfect supplement to the Communist disintegration tactic. As an alternative to the dictators the Liberals propose nothing but ideological platitudes; they are unwilling to support any of the existing internal social forces that might keep these precarious nations from flying apart.

Fortunately such forces still exist, so that the Communists are not yet unopposed on the field. Chief among these forces are the Church and the military, and it is these two that hold things together as the regimes crack. Interestingly enough, the ordinary citizens seem more resistant than our Liberals to the Communist operation. In the two most recent free elections (in Guatemala and Costa Rica) the candidate of the Right has in each case won a clear plurality. If Señores Ydigoras and Echandi lead the kind of orderly, pro-capitalist, pro-U.S. regimes, resting on Church and arms, that their electoral positions promised, then we may predict with certainty that our Liberals, swinging like dutiful needles to the turning Communist lodestar, will rail as bitterly against them as they have done against Rójas, Jiménez, Batista and Trujillo.

The Liberals, by their own principles of anti-order, cannot rest until, the chaos having become complete, the Communists take over. Then at last, as with China, the Liberals can sit back. One must, you see, accept the inevitable.

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Now You Don't See It

Whether the newly-discovered art of invisible advertising will hasten the Brave New World, or prove a blessing, depends on us

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

The theory of subliminal perception holds that man is influenced by and may even yield to impulses which aim below the threshold, or *limen,* of his consciousness—and is not new. Discussed for a hundred years, it attained scientific respectability with the publication of *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death* by F.W.H. Myers half a century ago. It is the subliminal self, psychologists tell us, that is responsible for "automatic writing," a well-known psychic phenomenon in which a person absorbed in one activity will, at the same time, write words or sentences of which he has no conscious knowledge. It is the nudging of the subliminal self by spirits, the mediums tell us, that results in *planchette* writing. And it is to this same subliminal self that Madison Avenue proposes to address its commercials in the near future.

The *Deus sub limen* of what is being dubbed the "phantom pitch" and the "invisible sell" is James A. Vicary, a 42-year-old "motivation research expert." Reasoning that the demands of advertisers for time on television have reached, or soon will, the point where they will drive TV spectators away, Vicary set out to develop a technique which would appeal directly to the viewer's subconscious without interrupting the program. After three years of trial and error, he and his associates, movie producers Francis Thayer and Rene Blas, came up with a machine, a "subliminal projector" which flashes a hidden message or slogan on a screen so fast the viewer is not aware that he has seen it.

By last year, Vicary was ready to test his machine. At a movie house in New Jersey, over a period of six weeks, the subliminal projector alternately flashed (at 1/3,000th of a second every five seconds) the exhortations: "Drink Coca-Cola" and "Buy Popcorn." The result: popcorn sales went up 57.7 per cent, Coca-Cola sales, 18.1 per cent.

With a scientific demonstration under its belt, the Subliminal Projection Company, Inc., invited in the press to inspect its new advertising miracle. And the press turned out en masse, including two courteous but manifestly bewildered representatives of *Tass* who have not as yet, so far as is known, filed a story. It is rumored that the indecision in Moscow as to which Soviet scientist invented the subliminal projector, is holding them up.

It was at the official unveiling that things started to go wrong. The projector showed signs of severe maladjustments and the "invisible" advertisements persisted in taking visible shape and competing for attention with the movie's heroine. (A *Newsweek* photographer even managed to snap a picture of a Coca-Cola sign as it emerged mistily into view through the tentacles of a giant octopus.) But the major miscalculation that Motivation Expert Vicary made was in underestimating the shock effect of his subliminal advertising dream on the press and the public at large.

Massive Public Resistance

The initial reaction was that here was Huxley's *Brave New World,* and Orwell's *1984,* ahead of schedule. Here was sinister invasion of an individual's privacy, imposition on the subconscious—not in the interest of scientific advancement, not toward the illumination of the mysteries of the mind, but for crass commercial motives: to help sell detergents, cereals and baby food. And this was only the beginning, warned the aroused paladins of the Fourth Estate. Might not the technique be used to influence elections? to subvert morals? to weaken the fiber of a nation? The normally pacifist *Saturday Review* called for "an open declaration of war . . . against those who view the integrity of the inner self largely in terms of the movement of merchandise." Robert Bendiner, in the *New Statesman,* warned that "Mr. Vicary's Orwellian plans . . . would go beyond popcorn"; he envisaged a transposition of the principle to the printed page with the prospect that a reading of Tolstoy or Proust will excite a lusty appetite for V-8 juice, sarsaparilla, or White Owl cigars. Vance Packard, archfoe of Madison Avenue admen (*e.g.,* his best-selling *The Hidden Persuaders*), labeled S-A (subliminal advertising) "a particularly dangerous thing [because] the insights of psychology and psychiatry are being used to persuade us to do things we don't want to."

The immediate reaction of the radio-television industry was also unfavorable. The networks promised not to use S-A without due notice—in other words not to try any sneak testing of it on unsuspecting audiences. And the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, a voluntary TV-Radio code board, urged its members to stay away from subliminal projection until it had been more thoroughly examined. The federal government was brought into the controversy when Representatives Dawson of Utah and Potter of Michigan demanded an immediate FCC investigation of the process.

So passed the first three months in the public life of the Subliminal Projection Co., Inc. It was still a going company with a grand idea, a request for a patent registered in Washington, and fast depleting cash reserves. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to talk about the process; but no one was buying.

The only immediate profiteers from S-A were comedians, gag-writers and cartoonists who went after the phan-

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tom pitch typewriter, microphone and drawing board. Cartoonists had a heyday (*e.g.*, a truck driver sitting before a TV set in his undershirt, his hair up in pin curls: Caption: "I don't know what came over me.")

The scientific publications and professional psychologists joined the fray. Their point was rather simple: they didn't think it would work. *Science News Letter* reported that "most psychologists believe the claims made for the power and effectiveness of subliminal salesmanship have been grossly exaggerated." That statement was seconded by Dr. Donald Spence and Dr. George S. Klein of New York University, who have conducted wide experiments in the field of subliminal perception. The most famous Spence-Klein experiment consisted in flashing a line-drawing of an expressionless man's face upon a screen with the invisible word "happy" behind it for one group, and the word "angry" behind it for a second. The majority of the first group identified the man as "happy," the majority of the second group, as "angry." Even so, said Dr. Klein, "it is a long step from having a below-threshold perception influence your impression of a face to having it move you to buy a certain brand of cigarettes or vote for a certain candidate."

The Limitations of S-A

The Spence-Klein position — that subliminal suggestion is a tangible suasive force, but by no means one that exercises the marginal pressure on the typical person, is good enough for Mr. Richard Forrest, Executive Vice President of Subliminal Projection, in charge of marketing the process. Take the proud claim that popcorn sales had increased more than 50 per cent and Coca-Cola sales nearly 20 per cent in the New Jersey experiment. Forrest points out that if the phantom pitch had been foolproof, or very nearly so, popcorn sales would have gone up 500 or 1,000 per cent, not a mere 57.7 per cent. S-A is not, and was never conceived as being, Forrest says, anything but "reminder" advertising, a trade term which applies to a commercial too weak to sell a product on its own showing but which serves to call to mind a product already known. Subliminal Projection, says Vicary and Forrest, could never make a person do anything he is against, or buy anything he dislikes. The flashing of "Pabst Blue Ribbon" subliminally would never make a non-beer-drinker drink beer because the threshold of resistance would be so well established the message could never break it down.

What about possible use of S-A to influence politics or elections? The S.P. executives discount the threat on the ground, shared by most psychologists, that the subliminal factor is always weaker than the *supra*-liminal one. If Adlai Stevenson is unable to win an election with all the overt intensity of salesmanship at hand—magazines, newspapers, newsreels, radio, television, posters, rallies, handshaking and political addresses—then it is unlikely that the sweet whisper "Adlai," subliminally inserted in the nation's subconscious, could do the trick.

What about the possibility of subversion? Wouldn't it be possible for some one—a Communist movie technician, say—to insert a subversive message in the next film that is shipped to distributors? And wouldn't the message go undetected since there is no way at present of monitoring something you can't see? Forrest admits the technical possibility: but inserting subliminal propaganda into a movie would be costly, complicated, and altogether improbable. Why? Because since the intensity of light of the message must be lower than the intensity of light of the film, the hidden message would have to be photographed on each individual frame, in varying intensities. (The subliminal projector handles this problem automatically.) This would hardly seem worth the candle unless the impact of subliminal projection proves greater than psychologists now believe it to be.

How great the impact of S-A will be on the television viewer is an unknown factor at the moment, and the one that is plaguing Vicary *et al.* No controlled tests of any size have been made in this country on television audiences, which are different from a theater audience. The television viewer, for one thing, is subjected to interruptions. He has no immediate way of fulfilling his subliminal urgings; whereas the moviegoer need go no further than to the back of the hall to find the candy counter and soft drink dispenser. This makes it hard for Subliminal Projection to establish a correlation between exposure to subliminal proddings, and sales. Is a half hour program, subliminally advertised, as effective as one minute of orthodox advertising? There are no empirical data on which to base an answer.

Well, then, Who Wants It?

These are some of the questions that have been raised against the use of subliminal projection in advertising. What is to be said *for* it? Who, besides the technique's entrepreneurs, will be the chief beneficiaries of subliminal sales techniques?

The first is individual movie theater owners, to many of whom an increase in popcorn and candy sales could mean the difference between success and failure. Thousands of movie houses have closed in the past four years, and thousands more face bankruptcy unless they can jack up their incidental sales enough to offset the fall in attendance.

Then there is the television fan who would gleefully offer up his subconscious self to the advertisers if in return his conscious self were allowed to enjoy a few uninterrupted sessions with his favorite television programs. As envisaged, a subliminally advertised program would consist of an initial puff for the product to be advertised, an announcement that the balance of the program would be uninterrupted and that the following message or symbol (it would be flashed on the screen) would be used to advertise the product subliminally.

It boils down to this. A new frontier has been opened, like it or not, by the pioneers in the art of mass manipulation. It is not by banning Mr. Vicary's projector, or by shouting to Hal Roach that he cannot make his proposed subliminal movie that we will guard against the seriously offensive use of new and potentially frightening techniques. The field is opening up, and we must now soberly evaluate it, and guide its development. And, assuming (which I doubt) that the technique has a high potential for ideological exploitation, we must of course be there, in plenty of time, with little subliminal detectors and jamming devices.

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THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Here & There in the College World

A not altogether unreliable gauge of the level of maturity of an undergraduate body is the power ceded to the Student Government. Genuine sophistication—*i.e., no* Student Government at all—is very rare. Yale undergraduates attain it, beating back, from time to time, mobocratic attempts to impose Student Government, by quietly insisting that all that really needs to be done for students and to students is adequately done by humane and experienced professional administrators and *ad hoc* student committees. Moreover, the wiser students point out, there is in student governors an oh-so-irresistible yearning, a phenomenon not unobserved in adult governors, to aggrandize the office; and in the end, the young functionaries tend to become, in the felicitous phrase of an undergraduate who once expressed to me his horror at the suggestion that Student Government be initiated at Yale, "goddam shower-adjusters—they reach right in and tell you your water's a *little* too warm, or a *little* too cold."

Last month at Northeastern College, Boston, an appropriate location for revolutionary manifestations, a sophomore class of 639 students dealt a stinging rebuke to Student Government. With a couple of exceptions, no one offered himself up for any of the eight Student Council positions scheduled to be voted upon; no one, in a word, ran for office. Result: the Student Council had to call off the election, and Dismay rules at Northeastern. Council President Ron Wysocki, 1958, objurgated "If they don't want a class government, we won't give it to them. If they want to act like deadheads, let them be treated as such." Secretary-Treasurer John Meadows, 1959, came through with an analogy equal to the horror of the deed, though rather more complex: "Comparing the percentage of those who showed interest in their class to the human body, no living organ could live with such a high portion dead." Don Rubin, a freshman, analyzed the consequences of sophomore apathy with ruthless realism: "Doesn't the class realize that without a Class Board it would have no functions, and without Student Council members it would have no voice in the student government? They could even vote to keep sophomores out of the parking lot!"

Vive la Révolution.

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From the *Yale Daily News*: "Mr. Kennan concluded [his lectures] by saying he thinks he can give his personal assurance that any nation following his Swiss-guard type defense is immune from Soviet attack. We feel that it was kind of him to give his personal guarantee to his plan. But we wonder what the nation, following his plan, would feel like if the limb it is so precariously perched upon suddenly should be chopped off by some Russian who does not put stock in Mr. Kennan's guarantee . . . The only answer to Russia's power is power."

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The *Stanford* (California) *Daily*, surveying the forthcoming political contest, declares "It will be rather nice to look forward to a Democratic governor. We rather liked the Warren regime and we indulgently tolerated the Knight regime, but we look with horror upon the prospect of a Knowland regime. . . . his ideas, his congressional record—none of these things endear him to us. Instead, we are appalled by them."

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Dartmouth. At a recent meeting of the Great Issues class, a compulsory course of studies at which seniors are told what is going on in the world, a student asked a visiting lecturer to identify some of the names and objects he had referred to in his address. Who is Russell Kirk? Who is Clinton Rossiter? What is NATIONAL REVIEW? His classmates were not embarrassed by the questions: evidently they were equally confused by the appearance, in a course that deals with contemporary issues, of such alien names. Sample lecturers at the Great Issues Course this academic year: On Man—"What Is Man," Professor Walter T. Stace of Princeton; On Education and Opinion in a Democracy—"The Role of the Press," Palmer Hoyt, Editor of the *Denver Post;* "Liberal Education," Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence; "The Role of the Journal of Opinion in Democratic Society," Carey McWilliams, Editor of the *Nation;* on "Social Problems," Gordon Allport of Harvard; Roy Wilkins of the NAACP; Everett Clinchy of the National Conference of Christians and Jews; Ashley Montagu of Rutgers.

What Dartmouth seniors may end up wanting to know is, *What* great issues?

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From the *Cornell Daily Sun*, in an article on "The Sad [*sic*] Evolution of the U.N." ["There has been] a disenchantment of Westerners with the United Nations. In this country, rather than hostility, mere disregard of the organization has spread. Few governmental policies are coordinated or connected with the U.N. Few public figures make any issue of its doings. As of now it seems that, whether we like it or not, the U.N. will become a generally-ignored debating society powerless as an international authority."

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From the *Daily Texan* (University of Texas), commenting on a speech the night before by Walter Reuther: "Frankly, we were impressed—impressed one heck of a whole lot with the small, smiling man with the Irish face and hair. Labor—as well as management and the entire country—is particularly fortunate to have a man of Walter Reuther's intelligence, understanding, insight, and drive in a position of prime leadership in the country."

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From the *Daily Cardinal* (University of Wisconsin), a news story

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discussing a panel program on academic freedom: "An unidentified white-haired gentleman in the audience [charged that] there has been a terrible curtailment of left-of-center orientation . . . This has practically died out here, but not in other 'liberal democracies,' he said. It's not those left-of-center but those right-of-center who have been put down, expressed Alan McCone [a student panelist]. He cited the difficulties a right-wing student group had in getting a faculty sponsor here. 'I'm glad to see a turn towards the right, and I hope it stays that way,' said McCone."

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From the *Tar Heel* (University of North Carolina): ". . . the most interesting news personality of the past two weeks was Hjalmar Anderson . . . a janitor who works for a school in Illinois [and] . . . refuses to sign a loyalty oath . . . on the grounds the oath of citizenship he took in 1932 should suffice . . . If we wore a hat, we would take it off to Mr. Anderson . . . he is political genius . . . a janitor in Illinois sums it up as it has seldom been summed up before . . . the New Year is a fine time to discuss loyalty oaths . . . a hangover from the days of McCarthy madness . . . loyalty oaths are on the wane . . . but they are not going fast enough."

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From the *Harvard Crimson*. "Russian scientific achievements have served to warn this nation that it can ill afford to waste valuable scientific talent . . . Oppenheimer . . ."

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From the *Yale Daily News*: "If the over-all characteristics of the generation which fought the Second World War were those of Science and Caution and a grim obsession with the realities of security and citizenship, Yale—and Harvard—in the 50's ought to serve as provocative special cases in an attempt to determine how far and how deeply those attitudes have insinuated themselves into the fiber of our thought. For, to put off the debilitating impediment of modesty, we are precisely those members of our generation who have least claim to the comforting myth of insecurity; selected by a complicated process whose end appears to be the creation of a kind of Platonic aristocracy of talent and brain and muscle and (why not?) of wealth; groomed and educated with all the care and genius and affection that a spectacular faculty and a devoted army of affluent alumni can afford; curried and employed, our very situation in the world should, by rights, endow us with the luxury of bravery, the responsibility for dare and bravado for its own sake . . . We are convinced that Yale and Harvard derive their unique flavor and hence their incalculable value from a tradition of *immature* headstrongness and idealistic brashness. We are disturbed, with the Calvinistic unhumour of our times, that the loss of this very immaturity, this very bravado, may in the long run gnaw at the guts of our tradition and undermine it."

Bless Our Soul!

From an editorial in The Foghorn, *student newspaper of Del Mar College, Corpus Christi, Texas:*

"Due to an unfortunate tendency to find himself on the unpopular side of political questions, the writer is sure that no one will care to join him in wishing a Happy Birthday to the Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States, even though [today] marks the 180th anniversary of that remarkable document.

"He is sure that, someday, the Articles will rise again, however, if for no other reason than the fact that they are so roundly cussed and spat upon by all the experts of the Political arts and sciences. . . .

"One of the outstanding features of the Articles of Confederation, as opposed to the Constitution, is that the first document was accepted much more readily, and with fewer reservations, than was the Constitution. Here, then, we find the supreme test of self-government—acceptability—being won by the Articles. . . .

"Another reason why the writer likes the Articles is that Patrick Henry liked them. That old fire-eating patriot took no part in their destruction. He fought England to gain relief from a strong government, and had no intention of helping in the creation of another one, even if it were of the home-grown variety; therefore, he wanted nothing to do with the Constitution. . . .

"Basically, the Articles of Confederation allowed for the existence of differences between the States. Many of these allowances were carried over into the Constitution, it is true, but the Constitution included machinery for getting rid of the allowances, and in time this was done. Now we find that our nation is as homogenous as modern milk, and we have lost much that was good, in the levelling process. For instance, competition between the States has been reduced to the level of divorce laws and legalized gambling, both of them being among the least interesting and vital expressions of the will of the people. Our hundred flowers, like those of the Red Chinese, are nipped in the bud in the equalizing process.

"Perhaps the most pressing cause for the writer's admiration is the fact that the Articles of Confederation are exhibit 'A' in the case for a stronger United Nations. Wherever you find a one-worlder, you will find that the Articles are held up in contempt and shame, as a bad example of how to govern. Like the hunter who misses the mallard and hits the mudhen, the one-worlder gingerly grasps the Articles between thumb and forefinger at arm's length, while holding his nose with the opposite extremities. If for no other reason, that would be enough to cause the writer to tenderly gather them into his arms, wish them a happy anniversary, and express his desire for their swift recovery." W. B. HICKS JR.

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Dilemma of Conservatism

STANLEY PARRY

Every Conservative should keep clear in his mind the distinction between a) what happened in history, and b) the composition of modern social and political institutions. Only with that distinction clearly in mind will he emerge as a "conserver" of institutions, a "defender" of what exists—or as a "reformer" of institutions, a "critic" of what exists.

For instance: In *The American Cause* (Regnery, $3.50) and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Conservatism* (Devin-Adair, $2.75), the eloquent Russell Kirk, to whom we are all so heavily indebted, writes as avowed "conserver" and "defender," while, however, advocating principles that would conduce to a major reconstruction of our social and political structure. And the reason for this confusion is, quite simply, that he shifts focus in a way that blurs the distinction between the present and the past.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide is written for the popular reader: it has a starkly schematic form and is packaged in ten-page chapters, each clearly intended as "reading" in preparation for a club discussion. Its argument is along the following lines: America is in good shape. We conservatives are carriers of the wisdom of the ancients. There exist among us certain ideological forces, Liberalism and Communism in particular, that threaten the integrity of American life. Our energies, therefore, should be directed to confuting these ideologies, and bringing about their rejection, before they destroy American values once and for all. In a word: against the planners, the welfare statists, the collectivists and the atheistic materialists, we must pitch the "prejudices" and the "prescriptions" of the American way. *The Intelligent Woman's Guide* draws the line along which the battle is to be fought.

Kirk defends—in his admirable style—faith, conscience, individuality and property, and in doing so shows himself, I believe, a champion of the true and the wise. That, of course, is all to the good. We must indeed reassert traditional American principles against the Utopians; and to do this we must indeed (as Mr. Kirk says we must and himself does) clearly distinguish between that which is American and that which is ideological.

Unfortunately, however, traditional American "values" are well on the way to becoming museum pieces: our operative social and political institutions continue to be called by the same names as formerly, but they no longer embody the same judgments about what is true and good and wise. (The process of disruption that brings about this result has been documented and analyzed in a massive literature, ranging from Guardini's metaphysical despair to Riesman's sociological indifference.) So that even if Mr. Kirk could encompass his purpose, that is, exorcise the spirits of Liberalism and Communism from the world, we should still have before us the task of achieving, or restoring, the good life. By defending history, Mr. Kirk virtually saddles himself with the need to defend the mess we have today—which is the product of history.

MR. KIRK is not unaware of the deterioration of the American way; he himself has frequently documented it. Because, however, of his uncritical acceptance of Burke's ideas on these matters, he finds it difficult to play the role of radical social reformer that is implicitly demanded by his thought. His consistent backing away from radicalism is evident in his second recent book, *The American Cause*—the occasion for which, he tells us, was his discovery that our soldiers captured in Korea were "ignorant of the principles and rights and political forms they were supposed to defend. . . ." Now one would suppose that such a starting point would result in ruthless analysis of the American scene, with a view to discovering *why* American citizens were so vulnerable to focused collectivist propaganda. Instead he offers us a handy compendium of American principles. To make sure that the American soldier in the next war shall be less ignorant? That, I suggest, may not work, because the American soldier's vulnerability to collectivist propaganda may have resulted from living in a society already well down the road to collectivism.

Are we to tell the average reader, thus soon after the Fourteenth Amendment has been pushed to its logical conclusion in the desegregation decision, that he still lives in a Federal Republic? We shall merely confuse him. Are we to tell the reader who inhabits a society of wage-earners, dwells in a "home" that is under a heavy mortgage, and works in a corporation owned by ten thousand people, that he participates in a way of life based on the principle of private property? We shall merely mislead him.

America did indeed grow to greatness on the basis of the principles Mr. Kirk describes. Americans should indeed be exhorted to return to these wise principles. And in so far as these two slender volumes tend to get these points across, they should prove a valuable aid to the busy citizen who is trying to clarify his mind as to what conservatives stand for. But the true conservative of our day is not the defender of that which exists against attempts to experiment, but rather the searcher for new ways to revive and develop ancient wisdom. The Burkean defense of existing so-

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cial life as the embodiment of the wisdom of the group is itself defensible only where existing society is historically continuous with the wisdom of the ancients.

The central question for present-day conservatives becomes, then, whether a "break" has occurred in history during the modern age, so that contemporary institutions are but the husks of past institutions into which a completely different substance has been introduced. If such a "break" has occurred, then appeals to prescription run the risk of translating themselves into reactionary longing for the good old days. If such a "break" has occurred, *then the man who respects and venerates the proven wisdom of the ancients must become the most radical of men.*

HISTORY appears, these days, to be fighting on the side of the collectivists —in the sense that the principles of collectivism have been sufficiently institutionalized to set up a movement of history in their direction. It may well be, therefore, that the man who wishes to conserve principles may have to fight not only against modern ideologies but against recent history as well. For as things now stand it is the progressive Liberal who is unconstructive. He argues that the open society, the welfare state and social engineering—all products of recent history—mark stages in the progress of man. These developments do, he concedes, raise certain problems. But as soon as we solve the problem of "managing the managers" we shall have reached the ultimate goal of freedom and plenty.

Mr. Kirk's way of dealing with history is extremely complex. He is quite clear that we should resist Progress—by which he means that we should resist the ideologies concerning Progress. He is also saying, though less clearly, that we should resist the emergence of those institutions which the progressives especially value.

But since history seems to be moving in the direction the progressives prefer, it follows that we must keep a critical eye on history. We must, that is to say, attempt to change its direction. If, however, we are to evaluate and criticize history, we can hardly appeal to *its* "prescriptions." We may not, for instance, defend academic freedom as a "prescription" of Western intellectual life, earned by Western universities, while at the same time writing in NATIONAL REVIEW in a way that raises the question whether authentic universities any longer exist in the West—or cannot, at least, do this without employing some highly theoretical principles of selectivity. But that requires that one develop a theory, or, if you wish, a philosophy, concerning the social and political life of man. Mr. Kirk not only does not develop such a philosophy, but holds as a matter of principle that it is distinctly unconservative to do so.

The strength of his two recent books lies in the care with which conservative principles are distinguished from collectivist ideologies. Their weakness lies in the assumption that history is on the side of the conservative, or perhaps the other way around; that the conservative should be on the side of history, or if you like, that good history always wins out over bad history. We can no longer content ourselves with the argument—true enough in happier ages—that a thing is good because it is old. For today most of the old things have either failed the test of time, or at least not stood it very well. And the wisdom of the ancients has not merely to be re-proved theoretically. It must be given a creatively new institutional expression.

"T.R."

FRANK CHODOROV

AN ARTICULATE man is bound to reveal in his outpourings, quite without any conscious effort to do so, those inner compulsions that collectively go to make up his personality; that is so simply because the human being cannot divorce himself from his thoughts. The more literate a man is, the more he will tell of himself, adding detail to detail in each utterance until the whole presents a portrait that no psychologist can match. In the case of Theodore Roosevelt, the job of extracting the man from his words was facilitated by the quantity of words he left behind; he was a voluminous as well as a gifted writer of books, essays, speeches and, especially, personal letters. Hermann Hagedorn, a devoted student of T.R.'s career, has applied himself to this job and turned out what could be called an autobiographical anthology: *The Theodore Roosevelt Treasury* (Putnam, $6.00). With excellent discernment, the compiler does not intrude, save for a brief introduction.

It is a job creditably done and commends itself for a variety of reasons. To those who have lived in or near the era when Teddy was the best loved and the best hated of men, the book is a treat in nostalgia. A letter describing his troubles with politicians, when he was New York police commissioner, conjures up a common attitude toward politicians as a class that the current trend toward statism has largely liquidated: namely, that they were a bad lot from whom no good could be expected. T.R., the idealist, throughout his life strove to clean up the Augean stables and to improve by his public behavior the reputation of the profession of politics.

A passage from one of his books, *The Winning of the West*, recalls his advocacy of "the strenuous life." His description of the regiment he organized and led into battle in the Spanish-American War, the Rough Riders, reminds us that conscription had not yet become part of the "American way of life." And so it goes. While every excerpt tells us of a facet in the character of the writer, it also brings to mind the enthusiasms and the conflicts that gave his time its peculiar flavor.

FOR THOSE who are interested in social thought-patterns the book is an interesting study. Roosevelt, a reformer of the first water, was representative of the urgency prevailing fifty years ago to do something to improve somebody, to change some institution, to abolish some iniquity. The country was reform-minded. There were ideologists, to be sure, men peddling complete, sure-fire panaceas; but, on the whole, people

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were more interested in curing some specific social or political ill, real or imaginary, and any one who had any get-up in him attached himself to a reform movement of his liking. Cynicism had not yet come into style; there was work to be done. Teddy was the exemplar of that spirit. To be sure, he denounced the "muckrakers"—a word he popularized—because they attacked personalities; yet he was not above doing so himself, and with vigor, when the personalities he attacked stood for what he deemed an evil. And he ridiculed the "lunatic fringe" that attached itself to reform movements. Yet, he was always tilting a lance at some "social injustice," always mounting the rostrum to preach virtue, and

always doing so with a sincerity that is hard to appreciate in these days of relativism, negativism and social security. He was an intrepid idealist, but so was every articulate person, from bootblack to professor, fifty years ago.

For those who are interested in "lives," in the accomplishments and the capacities of men of note, the book is most appealing; one cannot help marvelling at the catholicity of Teddy's interests. Here was a first-rate and successful politician who was also a competent naturalist, a historian, a soldier, a big game hunter, a man of letters and, withal, a warm, gentle and understanding father. He was indeed a "man of parts," as distinguished from a single-minded specialist, and all of his "parts" are illuminated, in his own words, in this anthology. Mr. Hagedorn refers to him as a "frustrated poet." Perhaps he was. Passage after passage in this book indicates that in his make-up there was that admixture of sensitivity, imagination and depth of perception that is the mark of a poet; his prose, though characterized by the lucidity and attention to detail of a newspaper reporter's style, frequently falls into the cadence of poetry.

Finally, regardless of what one can extract from this collection as to the character of the man and of his time, the book is simply good reading. Because of its structure it need not be read from cover to cover. One can open it at any page and get a good dose of idiomatic, often inspired, writing, and close it anywhere with the sense of having made a profit on the investment. It is a volume that will fit well on one's bedside reading-table.

Art

Disorder at the Whitney

GEOFFREY WAGNER

EACH YEAR the Whitney Museum of American Art stages an Annual of contemporary painting and sculpture in New York. Considered one of the foremost displays of contemporary art in the country, this season's round-up was adversely reviewed. In the *New York Herald Tribune* Emily Genauer disliked the show for its plethora of "huge, formless, brash, blotchy, shapeless abstract-expressionist pictures so like each other that even a critic trained to spot an artist's style from a square inch of canvas seen at fifty paces, is hard put to distinguish one from the other." In particular she criticized for their aesthetic emptiness a number of "first-class, sensitive talents who used to have something to say about men and their world."

The general public (*Life* Magazine and Dean Barzun to the contrary notwithstanding) has almost entirely rejected modern art, with the result that the *mystique* under which the art world functions can be cozily spurious, one of exclusive innovation to which the directors of modern museums subscribe and which, in all sincerity, they purvey.

It would be nice to think that the partisan "plugging" of individual painters that proceeds apace on this sort of level wastes itself on the zephyrs, but the Whitney Annual belies this hope. Thanks to coterie propaganda, someone really believes that Grace Hartigan is capable of painting a picture, that Robert Motherwell's nonsense in mud has some sort of importance. In literature not public neglect merely, but criticism grounded on formal standards would have seen most of this sort of thing off with a hearty guffaw years ago.

But the testimony of the Whitney is clearly that it is no longer possible to appeal to these standards in painting. This is the danger to American art, not an indifferent public, that cherished cliché to which the so-called *avant-garde* in this country are emotionally and psychologically oriented. In fact, art is actually supported in America today by a buying public as it is nowhere else in the West, Paris included. Some ninety galleries sell—yes, sell—contemporary American art in New York City alone.

THE THREAT is in the poverty of serious standards uncovered by these shows like the Whitney. The pundits have seen so much bad art, have learned so little about the fundamentals of painting (composition is a dead art, actively discouraged by several current art textbooks), and are incidentally involved in so many close associational relationships that ideologically they have turned into interior decorators, seeing style as vision. Senseless as it is to plead for *more* realism to "correct" what is, in painting, a primitive reversion from the whole logic of painting, the Whitney nevertheless in all honesty does choose a little realism each year; and here its choice is revealing for it finds only extreme realism, realism driven far, contemporary. If-it-isn't-magic-it-isn't-modern might be the motto for this holy of unholies in the Whitney. Tight, dead, often unknowledgeable drawing, added to paint applied with no affection at all, char-

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acterizes the realism exhibited. And, like the abstraction, the realism is as superficial as possible, nearly always about nothing rather than something. In this department Robert Vickrey (a *Time* cover-artist) and Jules Kirschenbaum compete for the rotten apple.

I SUPPOSE it is no good trying to stop this trend toward a sort of bogus exactitude as substitute for draughtsmanship, for it is a compensatory device against the welter of emotions that slops around throughout most of the Whitney. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non fuerit in sensu* might be the most polite way of accrediting the orgiastic climax, or last luxury of romanticism, toward which American *avant-garde* art has moved in the past ten years. Plato's artist-emoter leers at us from abstraction after abstraction (and the echo comes back in the prices paid in deals like the Lurcy sale for works by that now Hollywoodized "inspired idiot," Van Gogh). Only occasionally now is the theory of artist as sybil corrected, as when the *Report on the Visual Arts at Harvard University* noted that "Few people believe that an author, a poet, or a composer might be slow-witted, if not frankly insane," or when a Rudolf Arnheim writes on art as accident in last fall's *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*. We export a literature of rationalism, a painting of emotional reversion.

The lesson of the whole awful mess at this year's Whitney is that somewhere along the line we have got to teach the formal craft of painting to artists and pundits alike.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

COLOR OF DARKNESS, by James Purdy (New Directions, $3.50). Last year at this time, James Purdy was just another unknown writer. Then a friend had half a dozen of his short stories privately printed, and copies were sent to various celebrities in Great Britain. An uproar followed. Mr. Purdy was published in England and the *Times* Lit Sup assigned him a place "in the very highest rank of contemporary American writers." This was good enough for dear old New Directions, and Mr. Purdy is now in print here, with a jacket bristling with endorsements. Well, on present evidence, he writes a clean, unoriginal prose, and argues a serious future only if he can either abandon or infuse a little blood into the mannered vein of surrealism which seems to be his preferred way of seeing. Otherwise, he is chiefly notable as another example—though heaven knows, not at all as monstrous as Colin Wilson—of the sort of British export (in this case, re-export) which we should have the guts to call the bluff of, amiably but firmly, and at once. R. PHELPS

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THE UNSERVILE STATE—Essays in Liberty and Welfare, edited by George Watson (Macmillan, $4.75). The British Conservative Party is roughly analogous to the American Republican Party, the Labour Party to the Democratic. But the Liberal Party lies in a no man's land of understanding for the American, and indeed to a lesser extent, for the Englishman as well. In recent by-elections, however, the Liberals have shown some new strength, and there are other signs that Liberalism as a political force may be brought back from Limbo. In *The Unservile State*, British liberalism is defined as a political philosophy whose "watchword is liberty" and which rests upon "the faith that all men are equally worthy of consideration." The emphasis is very different from the egalitarian socialist aim, for the British Liberal Party takes into account the natural individual differences between men. *The Unservile State* is decidedly a plea for political support, and the authors of the various essays are either directly associated with the Party or outspoken advocates. J. H. BECK

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, by Fr. Bruno, O.D.C. (Sheed and Ward, $6.00). The official Carmelite biography, written in 1929, has now been translated from the French. Though scholarly, it is marred by the pious effusions of an older hagiographical fashion, a serious flaw in a book about this mind—rationally incisive, yet poetically expansive—which had little patience with religious cliché. The saint's history, subject for a Greco canvas, is painted in holycard style. Still, something of the unique tale must emerge: John's imprisonment, as a rebel and reformer, by the old Carmelites ("better the Turks," said St. Teresa); the biting and satirical tongue—"peppery," as contemporary remarks—of Teresa. In fact, a comparison of Juan de la Cruz to Quixote de la Mancha—which Fr. Bruno quotes only to discredit—reveals more than all the official exclamation points. If some think the comparison degrading to the monk, others will plead that Quixote's was also a holy folly. G. WILLS

YEAR OF CRISIS, edited by Evron M. Kirkpatrick (Macmillan, $5.50). That the Communist blitz is staggering in scope and unremitting in its dark purpose—such is the lesson driven home by Mr. Kirkpatrick's yearbook on Communist propaganda and agitation. Every form of political and psychological attack in every remote corner of the earth that can be made a battlefield is set down, with meticulous care, in this volume. Mr. Kirkpatrick's patient marshaling of detail makes clear, in a way no theoretical discussion could, that "war to the hilt" between Communism and the West is already here, and that our problem is therefore not at all complex: it is simply to win. C. LOGAN

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To the Editor

General Gavin: Pro and Con

I am writing you regarding your editorial comment on General Gavin ["Afterthoughts on Gavin," February 1].

We in America have a fine and outstanding authority on how we should proceed as citizens in uniform, either temporary or career. George Washington said, "When we assumed the soldier we did not lay aside the citizen."

Then, too, in the post-World War II trials in Germany, it was judiciously decided that obeying a superior's order did not excuse an individual German, whether officer or enlisted man, from the responsibility for his deeds. . . .

In our own Military Code we are instructed to obey all *lawful* orders. The connotation and implication is that all are to disobey an unlawful order. General Gavin and all military men can always, and are expected to, act in the best interests of their country. There is a higher law than that of any Joint Chiefs of Staff or President.

Lakehurst, N.J. RICHARD L. FRUIN, M.D.
Captain (Medical Corps) U.S. Navy

NATIONAL REVIEW sums up the Gavin case "But a wedge has been driven into the slavish idea, out of place in a democracy, that an Army officer or a high civilian official has to be a good fellow and go along even with what he knows to be wrong." There are two objections to the foregoing:

1. The central feature of a democracy is that the majority shall prevail. If the views of General Gavin were permitted to override those of half a dozen of his colleagues, would that make it any more democratic?

2. It seems from the little that the public has been allowed to know about this affair that there was no issue of policy here, but only of method and timing. These are matters of judgment, and there is no reason to assume that Gavin's judgment was necessarily any better than that of his associates. . . . Where the issue is pragmatic and no moral values are involved, "right" and "wrong" are determined by events *following* the application of a policy.

General Gavin has been compared to General Mitchell, but the analogy is imperfect. Mitchell was trying to sell a whole new system of warfare to unbelievers. In the present case the new system (nuclear) is universally accepted. And Mitchell did *not* resign. . . . It is true that once in a hundred times a dissenter will have the right tip. But take those odds with you to the track and you will soon be on public relief.

Arlington, Va. C. GLENN WHITLOCK

In Search of Insecurity

Please do tell us how we can qualify as a Communist-front or Communist-infiltrated organization so we too can be exempted from Social Security taxes [NATIONAL REVIEW, January 18, "For the Record"].

My husband and I have opposed the idea of Social Security since before its inception, and more positively and vigorously when it started being aimed at farmers—us. Letters to the President and on down did no good whatsoever; and in the waning minutes of the final session of the 1954 Congress, a bill was passed to include the self-employed farmers in the Social Security fiasco. We want out!

Santa Ana, Cal. MRS. HUGH T. WALKER

"Being a Politician"

The conservative cause was not advanced when NATIONAL REVIEW [February 1] derided Oswald Heck, Speaker of the State Assembly, as a possible contestant for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. It is quite true that Mr. Heck, along with all but two of the delegates to the convention, supported Jacob Javits and that when a Democratic Governor appointed Lubin to his cabinet Heck, a Republican, did not oppose him. It is equally true that Oswald Heck, during his years in Albany, has made an excellent record as an anti-Communist conservative and, thanks to him, such legislation as the Feinberg Law is on the statute books in New York State.

. . . Of course Heck is no knight in shining armor. He is a practical, successful politician whose record shows a lot more good than bad. He is, moreover, the only Republican likely to come down from upstate with enough votes to win against the Democrats in New York City. If he believed he owed his nomination (and election) to conservative support, being a politician, he'd be grateful.

New York City MILDRED WILLIS HARRIS

[*Speaker Heck did far more than merely "go along" with Javits and Lubin; he was their aggressive champion. In addition, let us consider the following statement made by Mr. Heck to a reporter on January 23, 1958, after he was first proposed as a conservative possibility: "It's brand new to me. I don't know how they can label me as a conservative. It's the first time I've been so labeled. I regard myself closer to Eisenhower Republicanism. I've always talked Eisenhower Republicanism in speech after speech. I believe in it."*—ED.]

Parity and Groceries

May I call attention to one questionable statement in Mr. John Chamberlain's excellent article "Solving the Farm Problem" [February 8].

Mr. Chamberlain says "He [the taxpayer] would not have to pay continuing high prices for his groceries." If the price of wheat were cut in two . . . I doubt that the price of flour in

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Emporia, Kan. HAROLD P. TRUSLER

Mr. Seldes Objects

It is a pleasure to see how intensely Professor Ernest Van Den Haag dislikes my book but he cannot make me a party to his dislike of *The Seven Lively Arts* [January 11]. When he writes "the title, as Mr. Seldes confesses, means nothing," he is either inventing or repeating something which is not true. I have said that the number 7 need not necessarily be taken literally and that is all.

Nor can Professor Van Den Haag get away with the sleight of hand by which he implies that I wrote a book about popular entertainment and made no reference to the unique genius of W. C. Fields as a motion picture comedian. "In the earlier edition," he says "there was a long adoring evaluation of Chaplin, nothing about Fields." He then proceeds to discuss Fields as a motion picture comedian. No one reading this review could guess that when I apologized in the new edition of the book for omitting W. C. Fields I was referring to his work on the stage. My book was written in 1923 and except for a possible (but totally unverified) appearance in a one-reel Keystone comedy in 1915 there is no record of Fields in the movies until 1925.

As I cannot accuse your reviewer of malice I must assume he was ignorant either of the date of the original edition of my book or the facts of W. C. Field's career.

New York City GILBERT SELDES

Mr. Van Den Haag Replies

I did not imply that Mr. Seldes dislikes *The Seven Lively Arts*. Only that he doesn't understand them. (Nor, it appears, my review.)

I still think the title means nothing. I thought Mr. Seldes agreed with me (see p. 8 of his book), but if he doesn't, we differ. (Hasn't the time come to let the secret out and tell us what the title refers to?)

I did not realize that Mr. Seldes was referring to W. C. Fields' stage work. I was too young to have seen it myself. I am sorry about this. I "proceeded to discuss Fields as a motion picture comedian" because I am familiar with him as such and because I agree with Mr. Seldes, who says, "of his three careers, the one in the movies was the best"—but adds no further discussion.

New York City ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

The Missile Build-Up

I have certainly been impressed by Mr. Burnham's recent articles on the problem of keeping busy making missiles while doing nothing to put an end to the Soviet menace. I sometimes wish there were in existence a conservative propaganda machine to provide publicity for truths and ideas that could save this nation.

Brooklyn, N.Y. OJARS GOBINS

Inflation vs. Insurance

M. N. Rothbard, in his review of *The Grim Truth About Life Insurance* [January 18], obviously speaks from lack of knowledge of life insurance. To attempt to correct the many inaccuracies in his short review would require pages. One of the most glaring, however, is the comment that "competitors are outlawed by state regulations, and that long-range inflation makes life insurance a poorer risk than ever." The effect of state regulation is not so much to outlaw competitors as to make it practically impossible for an insurance company to take any sort of action without being faced by myriad statutes, rules, decisions, attorney-general opinions, insurance commissioner rulings, etc. . . . Perhaps Mr. Rothbard just doesn't like insurance. Wouldn't he concede one point, however: If inflation makes life insurance a poor risk, that's the fault of inflation—not life insurance?

Bayside, N. Y. GERTRUDE J. BUCK

Plagiarizing the Psalms?

Why did Richard M. Weaver ["Science and Sentimentalism," December 7] ascribe to Milton the quotation from the Eighth Psalm, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Mr. Weaver is a deep thinker, a gifted writer and well-educated man. Was he attempting to find out if anyone noticed it?

Kansas City, Mo. GEORGE E. LEACH

[*Who knows? Mr. Weaver's not talking.*—ED.]

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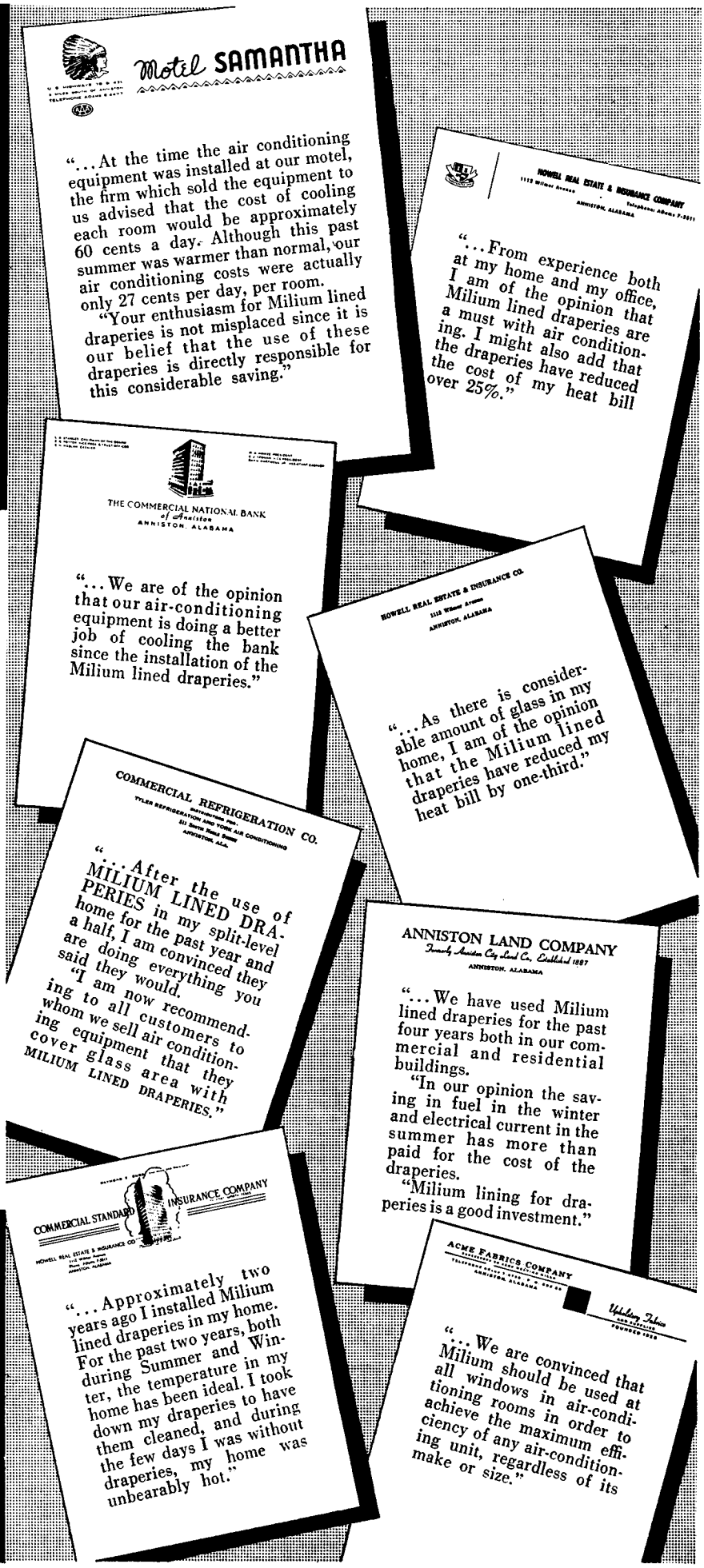
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